

Newport Mercury

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The Newport Mercury

THE MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.,
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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1855, and is now in its one hundred and forty-first year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and has been published continuously since that time. It is published daily, except on Sundays and public holidays. The paper is published at 10 cents per copy in advance, and at 15 cents per copy when ordered by mail. The subscription price for one year is \$1.50 in advance, and \$1.75 when ordered by mail. The paper is published at 10 cents per copy in advance, and at 15 cents per copy when ordered by mail. The subscription price for one year is \$1.50 in advance, and \$1.75 when ordered by mail.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.
BOSTON LODGE NO. 49, I. O. O. F., Herbert Hall, North Grand, Perry H. Dawley, Secretary, meets every Tuesday evening.
MASSACHUSETTS LODGE NO. 33, K. O. K., Henry M. Young, Wayne, James H. Hildard, Secretary, meets 1st and 3rd Wednesday evenings in each month.
JAMES NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, James McFadyen, President; John J. Butler, Secretary, meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month.
KAWAHOI COUNCIL NO. 3, American Mechanics, meets at 101 Third Street every Friday evening.
FARMERS AND LABORERS, No. 33, K. O. K., Elmer, Elmer Nelson, Secretary, C. H. Chace, meets 1st and 3rd Thursday evenings in each month.
BOSTON LODGE NO. 11, K. O. K., Charles Spafford, Treasurer; Commander, Daniel P. Hall, Joseph of Records and Seal, meets every Friday evening.

1899 Calendar.
CALL AT THE MERCURY OFFICE AND SEE THE HANDSOMEST DESIGNS OF CALENDARS FOR 1899 EVER SHOWN IN NEWPORT. WE HAVE OVER 1,000 STYLES. PRICES AS LOW AS CAN BE OBTAINED IN ANY OTHER PLACE.
DON'T FAIL TO GIVE US A CALL BEFORE ORDERING. GET YOUR ORDERS IN EARLY SO AS TO HAVE THE CHOICE OF DESIGN.

Local Matters.

Special Meeting.

The City Council held a special meeting Monday evening to consider a communication from the school committee protesting against the present location of the new city hall. The communication from the school board was read as was also a communication from the architect. The latter stated that in the architect's opinion the location of the building as now planned was the most suitable one for it. Any change moving it nearer Ball street would spoil the general effect. In regard to spilling the light in the Industrial School, concerning which the school committee are exercised, he says: "There is no doubt in my mind as regards sufficiency of light in the machine shop in the basement of the Industrial School building. The city hall as located will not make the room any darker than it has been heretofore, and if the area now built across the front of the windows be removed, and the bank graded away on a level with the grade of the new city hall lot, the machine shop in the basement of the Industrial School building will be much better lighted than it has ever been, and will be lighter than would be the case if the city hall was moved fifteen feet and the area retained as they now are."

Aldermen Shantler, Rogers and McMahon discussed the merits of the case, but as there was no motion before the board the next business in order was taken up.

Licenses were granted to Harry L. Baker and to Jacob Heller, John Daloz and the application of John Nicholson for a fruit vendor's license was referred to the chief of police. Two carriage drivers and two hack licenses were granted upon recommendation of the superintendent of hacks.

The common council met and adjourned, that being the only business presented for its consideration.

There was a slight accident at the railroad station on Marlboro street yesterday afternoon. Combination baggage and smoking car No. 2423, was shifted over on to the outgoing track and was backed down too far, running about ten feet past the end of the rails. It crashed into the outward baggage room and demolished the eastern end of it. The roof of the car was smashed at one end and one of the trucks was badly wrenched. The eleven o'clock train to Boston was delayed by the accident.

The public schools have had two vacation days this week, the last of the storm.

Rev. Edward J. Barlingham has returned to his home in Wilkes-Barre, Penn.

EFFECTS OF THE STORM.

Genuine Western Blizzard Strikes Newport. Heavy Snow, High Winds, and the City is in a State of Alarm. The storm, which was the most destructive in the history of the city, struck Newport on Monday night. The wind was from the west-northwest, and the snow fell in heavy flakes. The city was in a state of alarm, and the people were advised to stay indoors. The storm continued through Tuesday morning, and the snow lay deep on the ground. The city was in a state of alarm, and the people were advised to stay indoors.

Two terrible blizzards that Newport has experienced this week will pass down into history as the most destructive in the annals of the city. All the damage that has been wrought cannot be enumerated. The storm was not confined to any locality but was far-reaching in its effects, the entire Atlantic coast being in the clutches of the storm. Newport did not suffer as severely as some other places, as all the heavy snow was confined to property, no lives being sacrificed to the fury of the storm. There were many who suffered severely from the wintry blasts, but fortunately the blizzard left no deaths in its trail.

Shortly after three o'clock Saturday afternoon a few flakes of snow began to fall from the dark gray sky which had for some time been threatening the approaching storm. As night drew on the wind arose and the fall of snow increased in volume, until at the hour when most people sought their beds there were three or four inches upon the ground. The heavy wind caused the snow to accumulate in large drifts which impeded travel much more than the mere depth upon a level. The street cars were run nearly upon schedule time until late Saturday night and were not sent to the barn upon the completion of their regular trips but were kept running up and down the line in the hope of keeping the road open for travel Sunday morning. The railway company was caught napping by the approach of such a storm so early in the season and the snow plow was not in condition for service. Consequently when the snow began to accumulate in masses sufficient to impede the running of the cars, the company had to be had to gangs of men with shovels to clear the tracks. Early Sunday morning the fury of the wind had wrought such havoc with the wires about the city that it was considered dangerous to continue the current upon the trolley wires and so all work upon the road was suspended. Before the power was cut off crossed wires had conveyed the current to neighboring buildings and it was only due to the utmost watchfulness that serious damage from this source was averted.

All Saturday night the snow fell and the wind blew in terrific gusts. Those who were in their beds felt their houses rock and sway beneath the fury of the gale until many thought that their houses would be moved from the foundations. Several chimneys were destroyed and the damage to roofs was great. Doors and windows were blown in and window shutters blew through the air like feathers. Early Sunday morning a crash in the vicinity of the railroad depot gave warning of destruction in that vicinity and the hose tower of the fire department was found to have blown down. Fire hose valued at about \$4,000 was in the building at the time of its fall. For many years this building had been marked for destruction in some unceremonious gale so no particular surprise was evidenced at its fall. Two breaks were clean but the vicinity was littered with wreckage. In the same locality the roof of a shed in the rear of the fire department headquarters was removed by the wind which nearly lifted it up and deposited it in the back yard.

All day Sunday the storm continued with unabated fury, continuing to blow all those who were not obliged to face the gale. No work was done upon the street railway until late in the afternoon when a large force of men were put to work with shovels to try to find out where the rails were located.

There was but one milkman who succeeded in reaching the city on Sunday and his supply was quickly disposed of at fancy prices.

A train on the Consolidated road left here at 7 o'clock Sunday morning and proceeded with difficulty to a short distance beyond Coddington's Cove, where it was derailed. The passengers, three men and a woman, were obliged to remain in the train until a relief engine reached them at an early hour Monday morning and then had to travel their way to the engine. The relief engine experienced a great deal of difficulty in returning to the city but the passengers finally reached here at about 10 o'clock Monday morning.

Sunday night the wind abated and the snow ceased to fall. Work on the street railway was resumed and the power was turned on to the wires on Monday so that the line could be operated. On the Consolidated road trouble with the draw at Stone Bridge due to wash out prevented through train service until Tuesday morning. There were no telegraph wires in use so no train orders could be despatched, but there were no accidents.

The entire telegraphic and telephone service was completely knocked out. Newport has had no communication with the outside world by wire since Saturday night. The electric light service was paralyzed, largely on account of danger from crossed wires. Sunday

night the city was in total darkness as all electric lights were concerned and there was no electric power for motors until Monday. Monday night the lights were turned on in some parts of the city but many houses were cut off until Wednesday. The telephone service was also discontinued Sunday but on Monday it was put into partial order.

The damage about the city was tremendous. The small boats in the harbor suffered severely, a number of them being washed ashore at the new harbor park. The latter place was badly torn up by the storm and a large amount of the work for which the city has already spent \$10,000 will have to be done over. Training ship Essex dragged her anchor and struck the shore at the south end of the harbor where schooner Rondo Island, fishing boat Mischewah, G. O. Griffin's tugboat launch, and a coal barge owned in New London. A number of small vessels sank in the harbor and bay.

The fire department signal system was rendered entirely useless during the storm. Men were kept on constant duty in all the engine houses to answer any call for assistance in fighting fire but fortunately there was no fire of any importance.

In the city itself much damage was done by the wind and snow. Fallen poles and trees were everywhere plentiful. Some of the handsome trees about the city were destroyed. The chimney of the Central Baptist church fell and did considerable damage to the building. Windows innumerable were blown in or smashed by falling trees and this list includes a valuable stained glass window in St. Mary's church. Many chimneys were blown down and the attendant damage from this cause was large.

The large frame building at the coal mines in Portsmouth, which was nearly completed when the storm broke, was tumbled to the earth. In that town also trees were blown down, branches torn off, and chimneys, haystacks, sheds and small buildings were but veriest trifles in the path of the storm and were unceremoniously whirled from their foundations. The grist mill belonging to Henry Anthony on Quaker Hill was totally wrecked.

The storm reached Middletown with full violence. A barn belonging to Peckham Brothers, partially filled with hay and farming machinery, was blown down and a large number of trees were blown down, uprooted or nearly stripped of their branches. The snow piled in drifts through the roadways and in the fields. The roads running east and west were filled from wall to wall and many of the drifts reached nearly to the eaves of the houses.

At Jamestown, trees, roofs, windmills and even buildings felt the force of the blow and succumbed to its influence. Several new buildings in process of construction suffered considerably. One of them was totally demolished; another, which had just been plastered, had the cloth window verities blown in and was completely filled with snow. All the staging boards on new structures were blown about indiscriminately. Shingles were torn from roofs, windmills blown down, trees suffered a like fate as did also a number of small buildings. Sea walls were washed and much damage done to the wharves and to the shipping.

Block Island suffered severely. Many boats in the new harbor were washed ashore and destroyed or sank in deep water. The wind registered one hundred miles an hour for some time. Chimneys were blown to the earth and many windows and doors were blown in. One man was drowned by the sinking of a vessel from which he was unable to escape.

O. E. P. Belmont's residence, "Belcourt," was badly damaged. The addition in process of construction was blown down and a number of skylights were smashed.

By Thursday night the Postal Telegraph Company had one wire working and that made the first telegraphic communication with the outside world since Saturday night. This wire was crowded with messages and an occasional ground kept the operator busy.

One somewhat amusing incident of the storm was the situation of the last and electric. One day last fall General Manager Shaw told the officials that when the Newport line became storm bound during the winter he would send in one of his powerful snow plows and dig them out. When this storm broke the island line was early blocked and on Monday afternoon the Newport road sent their snow plow out into Middletown and brought to the Newport barn one of the island cars which was stalled near the Budum farm. This car was in use on the last road to keep the line open on Wednesday.

The storm which began on Wednesday would have been considered severe had it not been preceded by a blizzard which no far surpassed it in strength as

to make the second one seem almost nothing. Considerable snow fell and a high wind prevailed at times but traffic was not seriously interfered with. The street railway company had a gang of about sixty men at work and kept their tracks comparatively free from snow.

An English Tea Party.

One of the most enjoyable entertainments ever given at the parish rooms of Emmanuel Church was the English tea party held there Thursday evening. The entertainment was given for the benefit of St. Martha's Guild and was under the management of the entertainment committee of that organization. The success of the entertainment was largely due to the efforts of Mrs. Sarah Gash, chairman of that committee, who labored indefatigably to make it pleasing to all. Supper was served from 6 to 8 o'clock, the room and tables were prettily decorated and a most excellent supper served. A most enjoyable musical and literary program formed the second part of the evening's enjoyment and consisted of readings by Miss Mary Clarke and Miss Hannah Brierley, vocal music by Miss Alice Harker, Miss Clara Gash and a quartet by five small ladies, the Misses Clara Gash, Molly Hall, Hattie Brierley and Mary and Esther Powers, and instrumental music by the Misses Holmes, Hattie Gordon, Sadie Gash and Elith Hodgson. A very pleasant evening was spent and the wish expressed that like entertainment be given in the near future.

Summer Improvements.

We understand that work will be begun at an early day on the improvements at Island Park. It is now definitely decided to enlarge the dining room and dancing hall to double the present capacity of the floor, and also to erect a new up-to-date summer tent building which shall be of handsome architectural design. There are many other features in contemplation which will make the Island Park during the coming summer the most popular place of resort in the vicinity.

There is no spot in the state that can be made more attractive than this place except the Newport Beach. If the beach was improved as it should be and other attractions put there, besides simply the chance for bathing, it would still continue to be the drawing card par excellence. As it is in the constant race for popularity it is falling far behind the Island Park.

The Battle of Manila.

We have probably the most realistic picture that will ever be produced, from the description of a war, witnessed on board the new famous Olympia. She is seen steaming at full speed in front, showing bright flashes from all her guns, telling of the rapid fire and showing practically these majestic fighting machines in full action. Following right up in the rear, are the Commodore, Boston, Raleigh, Petrel and Conchoch. The movie is seen on the left, belching forth her ineffective fire, standing out boldly behind the sunken and sinking wrecks of this once proud division of the Spanish navy. This is the only picture up to the present day that gives any idea of the glorious victory won by our Boy from New England—Admiral Dewey. It is the only one in Newport and can be seen, with a great variety of others at the Newport Art Store, 184 Thames Street.

Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

As the falling of the chimney on the Central Baptist church during the recent storm will doubt the people of that congregation from worshipping in that edifice for some time to come, Colonel J. W. Horton, president of the board of trustees of the First M. E. church, this week tendered the use of that church to the members of the Central Baptist church for services on Sunday afternoon as long as may be necessary and for such other services during weekday evenings as may be desired.

Seventeen years ago the First Methodist congregation were rendered homeless by a serious conflagration and at that time for several months they worshipped in the Central Baptist church. They are now able to repay this kindness and show their appreciation of the service done them so long ago.

Private J. H. McClinton, Company D, Tenth U. S. Infantry, one of the soldiers brought from Montauk Point, died at the Newport Hospital on Monday of typhoid fever. The body was removed to Colling's undertaking rooms, whence on Tuesday morning it was escorted to Fort Adams by a sergeant and squad of eight mounted men. The box in which the coffin had been placed was draped in an American flag and placed on a caisson. Arrived at the Fort the funeral was solemnized with military honors, the interment being in the pest cemetery.

Dr. Hayden and Miss Hayden have gone to Santa Barbara, Cal., for the winter.

Mr. Rodman Cornell is seriously ill at his home on Ayault street.

WEDDING BELLS.

Evans-Tribble.
The marriage of Miss Mabel E. Tribble of Providence, formerly of this city, and Mr. Albert H. Evans occurred at the residence of the bride's sister, Mrs. Daniel Smith, Columbus avenue, Boston Thanksgiving afternoon. Going to the recent death of the bride's father, the wedding was a very quiet one, none but the members of the immediate families of the high contracting parties being present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Codman of St. John's Episcopal Church, Mr. and Mrs. Evans were the recipients of a large number of handsome and valuable presents. They will reside in Boston.

Fish-Anthony.

In St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Portsmouth, on Thursday afternoon, November 24th, occurred the marriage of Arthur I. Fish, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence F. Fish, and Miss Emma A. Anthony, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Anthony. The service was performed by Rev. J. Sturgis Pearce, rector of the church. The groom entered the church with his brother, Mr. William H. Fish, and was followed by the bride, leaning on the arm of her father, by whom she was given away. She carried bride robes and wore a brown traveling dress. The couple left at once for Boston, where they will begin housekeeping. They were the recipients of many presents.

With the Merry B's.

The Merry B's Whist Club resumed their weekly sessions after the Thanksgiving holidays Thursday evening and the play during the evening was even better than usual. Every member of the club, except Mr. F. G. Scott, who was called to Providence on business, reported and announced their intention of playing whist as it should be done. Consequently the games at all live in blews were brisk and close. Many good plays were made and the rivalry, though friendly, lasted through the evening. At the close of the session it was found that Miss Ethel Scott and Mr. George E. Houghton, Jr., were the winners of the first prize, while Mrs. Frank G. Scott and Mr. William McKenzie were awarded the consolations. Refreshments were served and the club adjourned after an hour's social session.

Rural Letter Carriers at South Portsmouth.

For the benefit of residents of Middletown and Portsmouth we print below the names of the carriers, their numbers and the number of route which each will serve. Route No. 1, Carrier No. 1—Frank H. Macchetter; route No. 2, Carrier No. 2—H. Manton Chase; route No. 3, Carrier No. 3—Arthur P. Anthony; Substitute Carrier—Arthur A. Albino.

Patrolman Crowley's Assault.

Private Maxwell of the 2nd U. S. Artillery, who committed the assault upon Patrolman Crowley at First Adams last week, was arraigned before United States Commissioner J. Stacy Brown yesterday morning. The case was continued to next Friday for a hearing before the United States commissioner and bail was fixed at \$200, in default of which he was remanded to the Newport County Jail. At the hearing next week he will be bound over for trial to the United States court as the case is out of the jurisdiction of the state authorities.

Patrolman Crowley is not yet able to return to duty.

Steamer Puritan, which left Fall River at the usual time Tuesday evening, did not reach New York until 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, being delayed by the second edition of the storm. The captain says Tuesday night was a fearful one on the Sound and that such a storm has never been equalled in New England. Those who were on the water Saturday night must have thought the same thing.

Miss Theodora W. Woolley's little book, "From Day to Day" has just been issued by Little, Brown & Co., and, like all the productions from this lady's pen, is a volume that will bear many perusals. It includes a selection from the Scriptures for each day of the year, the selections being in English, with French, German and Italian translations.

The Newport street railway has done good service the past week in keeping their cars running with a good degree of regularity during all the time of the storm except Sunday. Probably no road in the country has handled its passengers more promptly. The management deserves much credit for their efficient labors.

Mr. Jeremy Titus is the guest of his son, Mr. A. C. Titus, on Broadway.

Public Hearing.

The city engineer has had a public hearing on the petition of the Fifth Ward Improvement Society. There were few present besides the committee and those immediately interested. Mr. C. Acton was counsel for the petitioners and gave an outline of the case. He said that the petitioners in their endeavors to beautify and improve the southern portion of the city desired that the council should petition the general assembly to transfer to the city certain lands near Marchant street belonging to the state. The land in the vicinity of the creek made land, he said, and belongs to the state and is below tide water. Much of this land had been sold by the parties who claimed it and the state would give title to the city of the whole property the city could confirm the title of those who have purchased and paid for land there. He then spoke of the history of the land and told how it was built up. He said that the deeds of Marchant street to the city was not valid as the shatters had not title to the property.

Mr. Cope Whitehouse added a few words in favor of the project and exhibited some pictures of the locality. Mr. Clark Burdick also spoke, claiming that the land belonged to those who had made it. He said that the lower portion of the city was not in as healthy condition as Mr. Ives seemed to think.

A New Firm.

The many friends in this city of Mr. I. B. Bergmann are pleased to know that after January 1 that gentleman, who for the past eighteen years has been the manager of the One Piece Clothing Co. in this city, will become a member of the firm of Louis & Cohen, the owners of that plant. By honesty, industry and a strict adherence to the rule that he would recommend to his customers only such goods as were commendable and would give them a dollar's worth for a hundred cents every time, Mr. Bergmann has built up a reputation among the law-abiding which his competitors envy and which everyone knows he will sustain at all costs. Our people have learned to rely on his judgment and know that what he advertises to do, he will do and will advertise nothing that he is unable or unwilling to do. So it is pleasing to know that his fidelity to business and his strict honesty in dealing with his customers has met with that appreciation from his employers which is his due. The Associated haters to add its congratulations to the new firm and to Mr. Bergmann.

The recent court of Municipalities has denied the application for a new license in the case of the automobile owned by Edward P. O'Brien of this city. The defendant was convicted upon an indictment charging him with driving a car for \$200 from Lawrence A. Kearns of Taunton by means of false pretenses which he made to the latter in 1934. The defendant was engaged in the manufacture of writing machinery in this city, and made false statements to Kearns, regarding his property here, whereby Kearns was induced to deliver him the \$200 check. The defendant took thirty exceptions to a refusal of the trial judge to give requests for rulings, and also to the overruling of the motion to quash the indictment. But the supreme court took no legal error in the trial, and overrules them.

The Rhode Island Soldiers in the Colonial and Revolutionary Wars.

The State Record Commissioner, Mr. R. Hammett Tiller of this city, has issued a circular to the newspapers of the state in the words following:

It may interest your readers to know that much work has already been done in the way of collecting the material necessary to complete the rolls of Rhode Island soldiers who fought in the Colonial Wars and in the Wars of the Revolution.

Particular attention has been paid to the military papers relating to the Revolutionary War, in private hands, and it is with pleasure that reference is made to the fact that much aid has been rendered by those who possess them, and who kindly loaned them that they might be copied. It is hoped that others will assist in this work by corresponding with the undersigned or sending to him such papers as they may have—muster rolls, pay rolls, pay receipts, order books, letters and any document that will give the service of the men who fought in the war, referred to. All such papers will receive proper care and be returned as soon as possible.

A certified copy of the Rhode Island military rolls, relating to the Revolutionary War, on file in Boston in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, has been made, and in order that these records may at once obtain the benefit of these valuable rolls as well as other papers that have been copied, the undersigned will gladly furnish any facts these papers may contain to those desiring them.

R. HAMMETT TILLER.

State Record Commissioner.

PORTSMOUTH.

This has been a remarkable week for our weather. Last Sunday afternoon a gentle snow commenced and in evening blowing hard to show symptoms of a blizzard which grew to a reality on Monday. There were uprooted buildings, trees blown over, chimneys torn down and at times it seemed as if nothing could stand against its terrific force. Mr. Henry Anthony's windmill on Quaker Hill was most seriously damaged, the wind seemed to have turned the top around so that the force of the wind got on the back side of the mill taking them and the shaft to which they were attached and dashing them together with nearly one half of the top to the ground in one mass of wreckage.

The poles and wires on the Stone Bridge were blown down making it impossible for trains or cars to travel. There seems to be no one who can remember such a severe storm in November, and in fact one that was its equal at any time. The Electric Railway Co. has been very busy trying to open the road for travel but the amount of snow to be moved makes the progress very slow.

One gentleman reports finding in the woods many birds dead from the severity of the storm. At "Yankee" several large trees were blown down, some broken off and others blown out root and branch. At Mrs. Wm. M. Rogers' some twenty of her large trees were laid low.

At the cost of the new building some \$20,000 in pieces of erection was entirely blown down. This building was for machinery to be used in process of converting the great heaps of coal refuse into fuel.

Notwithstanding the severity of the storm, Mr. N. H. Peckham, the mail carrier between South Portsmouth and Newport, has not failed in getting the mail through daily. Monday he made one trip, Tuesday two, Wednesday one, and two daily since.

Last Sunday morning was the first time in seven years that Mr. John R. Macchetter's team has failed to make the Providence Sunday express from Bristol Ferry to Newport. His son George started to take them last Sunday morning but the horse would not face the storm.

Last Sunday morning was the first time that all the milkmen of the town failed to deliver their milk in Newport.

IIVERTON.

The International Fisheries Company suffered more damage from the storm than anyone else in this vicinity. No less than 31 of their fishing boats which were anchored off the fishing works at Iiverton are reported to be more or less damaged. Five of their large boats, including the Humphrey, Adams and Estelle are sunk. The Humphrey and Estelle foundered at their moorings and the Adams was beached in hopes of saving her. Her sides were stove in after beaching.

Capt. Nathaniel Church, who is general manager of the American Fisheries Company, arrived in Iiverton from New York Wednesday morning, to take general charge of the work of raising and repairing the sunken and damaged vessels. This work is now in the hands of the insurance company. It will be some time before anything approaching an accurate estimate of the damage can be made. It is thought probable, however, that the loss will reach about \$100,000. The Estelle is the most seriously damaged, though to what extent is not yet known. Her deck beams are smashed and it is feared that she is not seaworthy and will be lost.

The Estelle was pumpe out and hauled off successfully Wednesday. All the boats were raised through the efforts of John M. Higgins, of New York. The steamers which were most seriously injured, and the amounts for which they were insured are as follows: Adams, \$18,000; Humphrey, \$28,000; Estelle, \$28,000; Adams, \$28,000; Estelle, \$28,000; Adams, \$28,000; Estelle, \$28,000; Adams, \$28,000; Estelle, \$28,000.

The railroad bridge narrowly escaped destruction. Breaks were made in the bridge at two places, on each side of the draw, extended more than half across, and are nearly a dozen yards across. Not only was the roadbed of gravel and ashes washed out, but great blocks of granite culmiferous the riprap foundation of the bridge was washed out. The damage was all on the north side except such as was caused by falling poles and wires. The poles were on the south side. The bridge was exposed to a steep gale seven or eight miles over the bay from the north. The tide was very high, and the force of the waves and wind together must have been terrible. Stones weighing from half a ton to a ton were dragged from the bridge into deep water. The tide receded just in time to prevent a complete wreck of the bridge.

The great blizzard very materially interfered with the progress of the work at the Portsmouth coal mines, destroying the large building which was almost finished. A large quantity of machinery valued at about nine thousand dollars has arrived at the mine but will be injured in transit and will have to be repaired. It will probably be some time before the mine is in working order.

On Wednesday evening of text week the City Council on committee or streets and highways will give a public hearing on the petition of the Newport Street Railway Company for the use of Park Place and Market street for extension of its tracks, etc.

1 Adams Anderson, an employee of Swift Bros., Peckham & Co., who on his way to work Thursday morning fell off a bridge over Colts street and dislocated his hip. He was conveyed to his home on Alport street in a cab.

Charles A. Wilson, a member of company F, First R. I. V., who received an honorable discharge from the service, has returned to his home in this city.

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LOST MAN'S GLANCE

A SECOND EPISODE
IN THE LIFE OF AMELIA BUTTERWORTH
BY ANNA KATHARINE GREEN
AUTHOR OF "THE LEAVENWORTH CASE"
"BEHIND CLOSED DOORS" "THE AFFAIR NEXT DOOR"
Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER II.
I have never been so fortunate—or shall I say unfortunate, connected with that devious case of murder in Granberry street I have had it intimated to me by many of my friends—and by numerous acquaintances—that no woman who had met with such success in detective work would ever be satisfied with a single display of her powers and that sooner or later I would find myself again at work upon some other case of striking peculiarity.

As vanity has never been my foible, and as, moreover, I never have and never would be likely to take the plain path marked out for my sex at any other call than that of duty, I invariably responded to these insinuations by an affable but incredulous smile, striving to excuse their presumption by remembering their ignorance of my nature and the very excellent reasons I had for my one notable interference in the police affairs of New York city.

Besides, though I appeared to be resting quietly, if not in entire contentment, on my laurels, I was not so utterly removed from the old atmosphere of crime and its detection as the world in general considered me. Mr. Gryce still visited me; not on business, of course, but as a friend, as a man for whom I had some regard, and naturally our conversation was not always confined to the weather or even to city politics, provocative as the latter subject is of controversy between all right thinking men and women just now.

Not that he ever betrayed any of the secrets of the office or even any of his own—oh, no; that would have been too much to expect—but he did sometimes mention to some of the outward aspects of some celebrated case, and though I never ventured upon advice—I know too much for that, I hope—I found my wits more or less exercised by a conversation from which he expected to gain something without acknowledging it, and I to give something without appearing to be conscious of the fact.

I was therefore satisfied in my mind and was finding life pleasant and full of interest when suddenly (I had no right to expect it, and I do not blame myself for not expecting it or for holding my head so high at the prognostications of my friends) an opportunity came for a direct exercise of my detective powers in a line seemingly so laid out for me by Providence that I felt I would be fighting the powers above if I refused to enter it, though now I see that the line was laid out for me by Mr. Gryce and that I was obeying anything but the call of duty in embracing it.

But this is not explicit. Let me tell the whole from the beginning. One night Mr. Gryce came to my house looking older and more feeble than usual. He was engaged in a perplexing case, he said, and missed his early vigor and persistence. Would I like to hear about it? It was not in the line of his usual work, yet it had points—and well—it would do him good to talk about it to a non-professional who was capable of sympathizing with his baffling and worrisome features and yet would never have to be told to hold her peace.

I ought to have been on my guard. I ought to have known the old fox well enough to feel certain that when he went so manifestly out of his way to take me into his confidence he did it for a purpose it would be well enough for me to understand before placing too great stress on his disabilities, but Jove needs now and then—or so I have been assured by respectable authority—and if Jove has ever been caught napping, surely Amelia Butterworth may be pardoned for one such inconsistency.

"It is not a city crime," Mr. Gryce went on to explain, and here he was loose enough to sigh. "At my time of life that is an important and a far from desirable consideration. It is no longer a simple matter for me to pack up a valise and go off to some distant village, way up in the mountains perhaps, where conditions are few and secrecy an impossibility. Comforts have become indispensable to my three-score years and, and, and, and, well, if ever there was a case where one needs to go gently, it is this one, as you will see if you will allow me to give you the facts of the case as known at headquarters today."

I bowed, trying not to show my surprise or my extreme satisfaction. Mr. Gryce assumed his most benignant aspect, always a dangerous one with him, and began his story.

SOME 90 MILES from here, in a more or less inaccessible region, there is a small but beautiful village which has been the scene of so many strange and unaccountable disappearances, presumably murders, that the attention of the New York police has been at last directed to it. The town, which is at least nine miles from any railroad, is one of those quiet, placid little spots found now and then among the mountains, where life is of the simplest and so out of all appearance, an element so out of

As usual.

"Papa," said Mabel at breakfast, "you know how you take me on your lap when you tell me stories?"

"Yes," added papa.

"Well," Mr. Appleton was telling Jennie some last night.

And then papa looked at Jennie over his glasses.

second with every other characteristic of the place as to a complete mystery. Yet crime or some other equally revolting has during the last five years been accountable for the disappearance of or about this village of four persons of various ages and occupations. Of these, three were strangers and one a well known vagabond accustomed to tramp the hills and live on the bounty of farmers' wives. All were of the male sex, and in no case has any clue ever come to light as to their fate. They were seen in town or near it and then suddenly were not seen or ever heard of again. That is the matter as it stands before the police today."

"A serious affair," I remarked. "Seems to me I have read of such things in novels. Is there a tumbledown old inn in the vicinity where beds are made up over trapdoors?"

"This smile was a mild protest against my flippancy. 'I have visited the town myself. There is no inn there, but a comfortable hotel of the most matter of fact sort, kept by the frankest and most open-minded of landlords. Besides, these disappearances as a rule did not take place at night, but in broad daylight. Imagine this street at noon. It is a short one, and you know every lurking place, and, you think, every lurking place. You see a man enter it at one end and you expect him to issue from it at the other. But suppose he never does. More than that, suppose he is never heard of again and that this thing should happen just here on this one street six times during five years.'"

"I should think," I responded dryly. "Would you? Many good people have moved from the place I speak of, but that has not helped matters. The disappearances go on, and the why and the where are just as much a mystery as ever."

"You interest me," I said. "Come to think of it, if this street were the scene of such an unexplained series of horrors as you have described, I do not think I would move."

"I thought not," he responded curtly. "But since you are interested let me be more explicit in my statements. The first person whose disappearance was noted—"

"Wait," I interrupted. "Have you a map of the place?"

He smiled, nodded quite affectionately to an old friend of his on the mantel-piece, but did not produce the map. "That detail will keep," said he. "Let me go on with my story. As I was saying, the first person whose disappearance there was noted was a peddler of small wares, accustomed to tramp the mountains. On this occasion he had been in town longer than usual and was known to have sold fully half of his goods. Consequently he must have had quite a sum of money upon him. One day his pack was found lying under a cluster of bushes in a wood, but of him nothing was ever again heard. It made an excitement for a few days while the woods were being searched for his body, but nothing having been discovered he was forgotten and everything went on as before, till suddenly public attention was again aroused by the pairing in of letters containing inquiries in regard to a young man who had been sent there from Duluth to collect facts in a law case and who after a certain date had failed to communicate with his firm or show up at any of the places where he was known. Many rumors were in the air, and some even alleged that the young man could recall the fact of having seen him go up the street with his hand bag in his hand as if on his way to the mountain station. The landlord of the hotel could fix the very day at which he left his house, but inquiries at the station failed to establish the fact that he took train from there, nor were the most minute inquiries into his fate at that time or afterward ever attempted by the least result. He was not known to have carried much money, but he wore a very handsome watch and chain and a ring of more than ordinary value, none of which has ever shown up, none of which is within the knowledge of the police. This was three years ago."

"The next occurrence of a like character did not take place till a year after. This time it was a poor old man from Hartford who vanished almost as mysteriously before the eyes of these astounded villagers. He had come to town to get subscriptions for a valuable book issued by a well known publisher. He had been more or less successful and was looking very cheerful and contented when one morning, after making a sale at a certain farmhouse, he sat down to dine with them, it being close on to 12 o'clock. He had eaten several mouthfuls and was chatting quite freely when suddenly they saw him freeze, clap his hand to his pocket and rise up very much disturbed. 'I have left my pocketbook behind me at Deacon Spear's,' said he. 'I cannot eat with it out of my possession. Excuse me if I go for it.' And without any further apologies he ran out of the house and down the road in the direction of Deacon Spear's, nor was he ever seen in that village again or in his home in Hartford. This was the most astonishing mystery of all. Within a half mile's distance in a populous

country town this man disappeared as if the road had swallowed him and closed again. It was marvelous, incredible and remained so even after the best efforts of the county police to wire the mystery had exhausted themselves. After this the town began to acquire a bad name, and one or two families moved away. Yet no one was found who was willing to admit that these various persons had been the victims of foul play till a month later another case came to light of a young man who had left the village for the hillside station and had never arrived at that or any other destination so far as could be learned. As he was a distant relative of a wealthy cattle owner in Iowa, who came on posthaste to inquire into his nephew's fate, the excitement ran high, and through his efforts and that of Mr. Trolan, the services of our office were called into play. But the result has been nil. We have found neither the bodies of these men nor any clue to their fate."

"I could not help casting an envious glance at the pocket where I felt sure that the map I had asked for lay."

"Yet you have been there?" I suggested.

He nodded.

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed. "And you came upon no suspicious house, no suspicious person?"

The finger with which he was rubbing his eyes went round and round the rim with a slower and slower and still more thoughtful motion.

"Every town has its suspicious-looking houses," he slowly remarked, "and, as for persons, the most honest often wear a lowering look in which no unbridled imagination can see guilt. I never trust in appearances of that kind."

"What also can you trust in," I said, "where all is impenetrable as in this case?"

"His finger, going slower and slower, suddenly stopped. 'In my knowledge of persons,' said he, 'knowledge of their fears, their hopes and their individual peculiarities. If I were 20 years younger—here he stole a glance at me in the mirror which made me bridle; did he think I was only 20 years younger than myself?—I would, if I went on, 'make myself so acquainted with every man, woman and child there—here he drew himself up with a jerk. 'But the day for that is passed,' said he. 'I am too old and too crippled to succeed in that undertaking. Having been there once, I am a marked man. My walk alone betrays me. He whose good fortune it will be to get at the bottom of these people's hearts must awaken no suspicion as to his connection with the police. Indeed I do not think that any man can succeed in doing this now.'"

I started. This was a frank showing of his hand at least. No man! It was a woman's aid he was after, then. I laughed as I thought of it. I had not thought him either so presumptuous or so appreciative of talents of a character so directly in line with his own.

"Don't you agree with me, madam?" I did agree with him, but I had a character of great dignity to maintain, so I only looked at him with an air of marked severity. "I do not know of any woman who would undertake such a task," I observed.

"No!" He smiled with that air of forbearance which is so exasperating to me. "Well, perhaps there isn't any such woman to be found. It would take one of very uncommon characteristics, I own."

"Pish!" I cried. "Not so very!"

"Indeed I think you have not fully taken in the case," he urged in quiet superiority. "The people there are of the higher order of country folk. Many of them are of extreme refinement. One of them—I thought his tone changed the least in the world here—is poor enough and elegant enough to interest even such a woman as yourself."

"Indeed!" I answered, with just a touch of my father's hauteur to hide the stir of curiosity his words naturally evoked.

"It is in some such home," he went on with an ease that should have warned me that he had started on this pursuit with a quiet determination to win, "that the clue will be found to the mystery we are considering. Yes, you may well look startled, but that conclusion is the one thing I brought away with me from—X. Let us say. I regard it as one of common sense. What do you think of it?"

"Well," said I, "it makes me feel like recalling that pish I uttered a few minutes ago. It would take a woman of uncommon characteristics to assist you in this matter."

"I am glad we have got that far," said he.

"A lady," I went on.

"Most assuredly a lady."

I paused. Sometimes discreet silence is more sarcastic than speech.

"Well, what lady would lend herself to this scheme?" I asked at last.

The tap of his fingers on the rim of his glasses was my only answer.

"I do not know of any," said I.

His eyebrows rose perhaps a hair's breadth, but I noted the implied sarcasm and for an instant forgot my dignity.

"Now," said I, "this will not do. You mean me—Amelia Butterworth, a woman who—but I do not think it is necessary to tell you either who or what I am. You have presumed—Now do not put on that look of innocence, and above all do not attempt to deny what is so manifestly in your thoughts, for that is the one thing which you could do which would make me feel like showing you the door."

"Then," he smiled, "I shall be sure to make it. I am anxious to leave—yet. Besides, who could I mean but you? A lady visiting friends in this remote and beautiful region—what opportunities might she not have to probe out this important mystery if, like yourself, she had tact, discretion, excellent understanding and an experience which if not broad or deep is certainly such as to give her a certain confidence in herself."

"That was a good sermon that Dr. Binks preached this morning?"

"Excellent. It would have been almost perfect if the doctor hadn't interpolated a few sentences of his own."

"I wouldn't have refuted that young man if he'd been you," said a maiden aunt to her grandson of a frisky piece.

"I don't think I'd either if I'd been you," retorted the saucy maiden.

"Pa, what is a lineal descendant?"

"A lineal descendant is a person who has to fall back on some graceworthy ancestor for his own importance."

Mamma, "Well, Tommy, you know we are all loved you if you are so nobly."

Tommy, "Satan will. He loves naughty boys best."

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For two years now it has been called 'Lost Man's Lane.' 'Indeed!' I cried. 'They have got the matter down as close as that and yet have not solved its mystery? How long is this road?' 'A half mile or so.' 'I must have looked my disgust, for his hands quivered deprecatingly. 'The ground has undergone a thorough search,' said he. 'Not a square foot in those woods you see on either side but has been gone over.' 'And the houses? I see there are three houses on this road.' 'Oh, they are owned by most respectable people—most respectable people,' he repeated with a lingering emphasis that gave me an inward shudder. 'I think I had the honor of intimating as much to you a few minutes ago.' 'I looked at him earnestly and irresistibly drew a little nearer to him over the diagram.

"Has none of these houses been visited by you?" I asked. "Do you mean to say you have not seen the inside of them all?"

"Oh," said he, "I have been in them all, of course, but a mystery such as we are investigating is not written up on the walls of parlors or halls."

"You are very kind," I murmured. Somehow the sight of these homes drawn out before me seemed to bring me into more intimate sympathy with the affair.

His shrug was significant. 'I told you that this was no vulgar mystery,' said he, 'or why should I be considering it with you? It is quite worthy of your interest. Do you see that house marked A?'

"I do," I nodded.

"Well, that is a decayed mansion of imposing proportions set in a forest of overgrown shrubbery. The ladies who inhabit it—"

"Tut-tut!" I put in, with a small shock of horror.

"Young ladies," he explained, "of a refined if not overprosperous appearance. They are what is left of a family of some repute. Their father was a judge, I believe."

"And do they live there alone," I asked.

"No," he replied. "There are two young ladies in a house so large and in a neighborhood so full of mystery?"

"Oh, they have a brother with them, a lot of no great attractions," he responded carelessly—too carelessly, I thought.

I made a note of the house A in my mind.

"And who lives there?" I now queried, pointing to the house marked B.

"A Mr. Trolan. It was through his exertions that the services of this New York police were insured. His place there is one of the most interesting in town, and he does not wish to be forced to leave it, but he will be obliged to do so if the road is not soon relieved of its bad name, and so will Deacon Spear. The very children shun the road now. I do not know of a lonelier place."

"I see a little cross marked up here on the verge of the woods. What does that mean?"

"That is a hut—it can hardly be called a cottage—where a poor old woman lives called Mother Jane. She is a harmless old imbecile, against whom no one has ever directed a suspicion. You may take your finger off that mark, Mr. Butterworth."

I did so, but I did not forget that it stood very near the footpath branching off to the station.

"You entered this hut as well as the big houses," I intimated.

"Four walls," he answered. "Just four walls; nothing more."

I let my finger travel along the footpath I have just mentioned.

"Steep," was his comment. "Up, up all the way, but no precipices. Nothing but pine woods on either side, thickly carpeted with needles."

My finger came back and stopped at the house marked M.

"Why is a letter affixed to this spot?" I asked.

"Because it stands at the head of the lane just as Deacon Spear's guards the foot. Any one sitting at the window I can see whoever enters or leaves the lane at this end. And some one is always sitting there. The woman who lives there has two crippled children, a boy and a girl. One of them is always in that window."

"I see," said I. Then abruptly,

(CONTINUED ON THIRD PAGE)

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"Sally says she's 20. I thought she was 33."

"Well, everything in the store has been marked down since the first of January."

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All debts indebted to the said co-partnership are hereby assigned to make payment to said Charles A. Bradford, a full list of one having claims against said co-partnership are requested to present them to Gardner & Reynolds of their own accord.

**GARDNER & REYNOLDS,
CHARLES A. BRADFORD,
Newport, R. I., July 15, 1890.**

